

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse clowdy,
And to become the gecke and scorne o' th' others vilany?

2 Bro. For this, from Miller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
fell bravely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, & Tenants right, with Honor to maintaine.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
to Cymbeline perform'd:

Then Iupiter, King of Gods, why hast thou thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:

Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.

*Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an
Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.*

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush! How dare you Ghostes

Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.

Be not with mortall accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guife
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplife:
His Comforts thrue, his Trials well are spent:

Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married; Rise, and fade,

He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen.

And happier much by his Affliction made.
This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein

Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And so away: no farther with your dinne

Expreffe Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle

Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks Iupiter.

Sic. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest.

Let vs with care performe his great behest.

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:

And so I am awake, Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I have done,

Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,

And yet are sleep'd in Favours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:

What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Booke! Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reades.
When as a Lyons whelp shall to himselfe unknowne, with-
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lop'd branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioyned to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-
tie.

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.
Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more

Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of

meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: looke that
you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed

too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Braine the
heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being

drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes

vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-
charge: your necke (Sis) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so
the Acquittance followes.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepe, feesles not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a

Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change
places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not

which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not
seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by

some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
selfe that which I am sure you do not know: for Iump the

after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne
to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and

will not vse them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I
am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts
for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & be-
get yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my
Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all
he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye
against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there
were desolation of Gallies and Gallowes: I speake a-
gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment
in't.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arvi-
ragus, Pisano, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made
Preferuers of my Throne: woe is my heart,

That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest

Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him, if

Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I neuer saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;

Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde

To you (the Liver, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) she liues. 'Tis now the time

To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:

Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights o' th' Battell, I create you

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.
There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly

Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o' th' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Haile great King,
To sowe your happinesse, I must report

The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physitian
Would this report become? But I consider,

By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Corn. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded

Most cruell to her selfe. What the confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women

Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Corn. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:

Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And but she spoke it dying, I would not

Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue
With such integrity, she did confesse

Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her sight preuented it) she had

Tane off by poyson.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being rooke,

Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time

(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th' adoption of the Crowne:

But sayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight

Of Heauen and Men) her purposes: repented
The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so

Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:

Mine eares that heare her flattery, not my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had bene vicious

To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,

And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse

Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter

Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,

We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods

Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ransom, let it come: Sufficeth,

A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will create, my Boy (a Britaine borne)

Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had
A Page so kinde, so dutious, diligent,

So tender ouer his occasions, true,
So feare, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne

With my request, which Ile make bold, your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,

Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I haue surely seene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,

Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,

To say, hue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,

Fitting my bounty, and thy fate, Ile giue it:

Yes,